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Moss Fancies for Christmas-tide.

MOSS FANCIES.

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Across the bridge, one Christmas day,
We sped from out the sombre town,
O'er hills and valleys far away
Where fields were bare and bleak and brown.
The wide free space, the azure dome,
With golden arrows raining down,
Impelled us far and long to roam,
To seek for mosses green and brown;
For lichens rare beyond compare
And mosses green and brown.

We wandered on, that Christmas-day:
Beside a gentle purling brook,
We found the lichens dun and gray
In many a deep and shadowy nook;
The trees rose bare from out the sedge,
And graceful wreaths of softest snow
Outlined the sinuous brooklets edge
Which babbled in its constant flow.
Of mosses green, now all unseen
Beneath the pearly snow.

Then found we in a sheltered place,

That Christmas morn, a lakelet, still,

And mirrored in its placid face,

The sloping bank and tree and hill.

The Autumn leaves we brushed aside

To find these tiny forms and rare, —

Oh! we might wander far and wide

And see naught fashioned half so fair

As these, close pressed to Nature's breast,

Rare moss and lichens rare.

Hard by the lake a cottage stood,
Where sought we rest that Christmas-day,
Close by the shadow of the wood,—
While all the scene kept holiday.

Then, said we, in the dreariest time
When all seems bleak and sere and cold,
God's goodness with our needs keeps chime
As winter blossoms from the mold,
As mosses fair and lichens rare
From out December's cold.

H. M. P[illegible]

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